NATIONAL SONG.

CLIME BENEATH WHOSE GENIAL SUN.

Air : Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled.

Clime, beneath whose genial sun
Kings were quelled and freedom won,
Where the dust of Washington
Sleeps in glory's bed.
Youthful nation of the west,
Rise with truer greatness blest,
Sainted lands from realms of rest ;
Watch thy brightening fame.

Crownless Judah mourns in gloom,
Greece lies slumbering in the tomb,
Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,
Lost her conquering name.
Heroes from thy sylvan shade
Changed the plough for battle-blade,
Holy men for thee have prayed,
Patriot martyrs bled.

Empire of the brave and free,
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea.
Who would bid thee : bend the knee
To a tyrant's pow'r ?
Victory is thy armor bright,
Liberty thy beacon light.
God himself thy shield and might
Bow to him alone.

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